

DELL

MARCH-APRIL

Still 10¢

Huckleberry Hound



PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

The DECORATORS



WAIT A MINUTE!
WHY ARE YOU
CHASING US TODAY,
MR. JINKS?



'CAUSE I'M
BURNED UP!



JUST LOOK AT
THAT AWFUL HOLE
IN THE FLOOR-
BOARD! YOU
DID THAT!

IS THAT ALL? WELL,
WE'LL HANG A PRETTY
PICTURE OVER IT! THAT
WAY, NOBODY WILL EVEN
NOTICE IT!

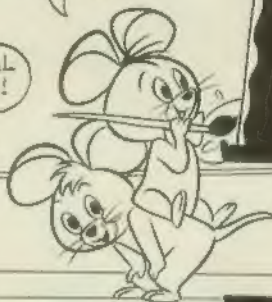


RELAX, MR. JINKS!
WE'LL GO PAINT A
PICTURE RIGHT NOW!

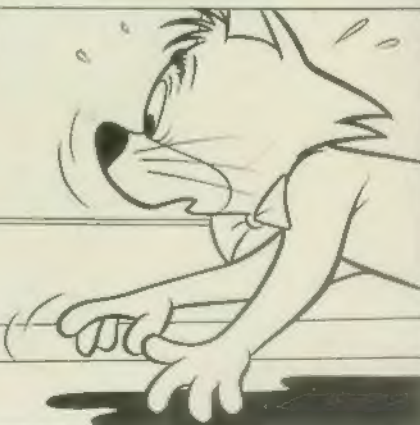
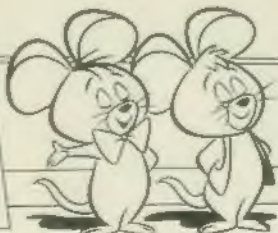


I'M DRAWING IT FROM
MEMORY, DIXIE!

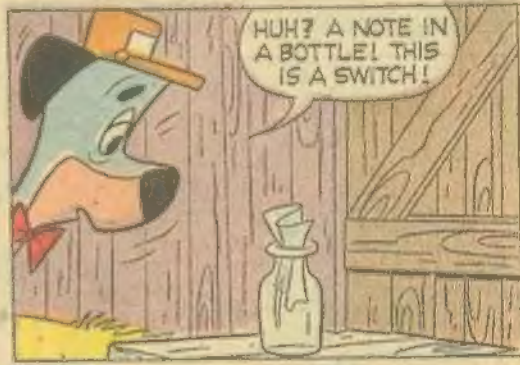
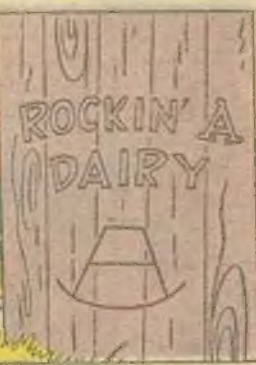
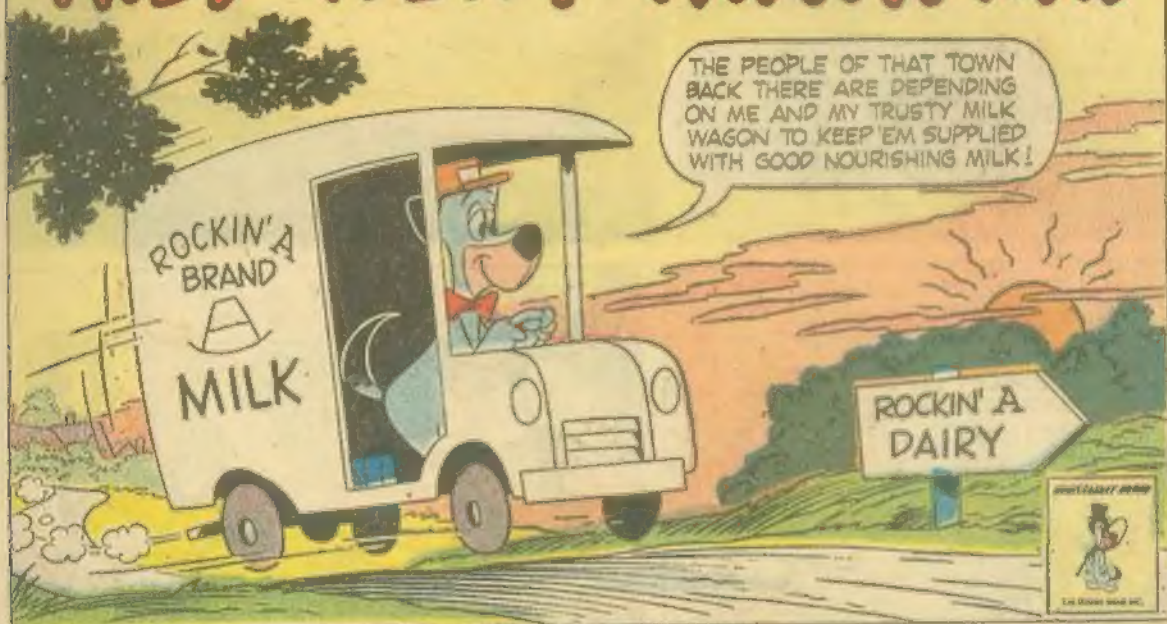
LOOKS REAL
GOOD, PIXIE!



THERE YOU ARE ... ALL FRAMED AN'
EVERYTHING! A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE
OF OUR OLD HOMESTEAD!



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY

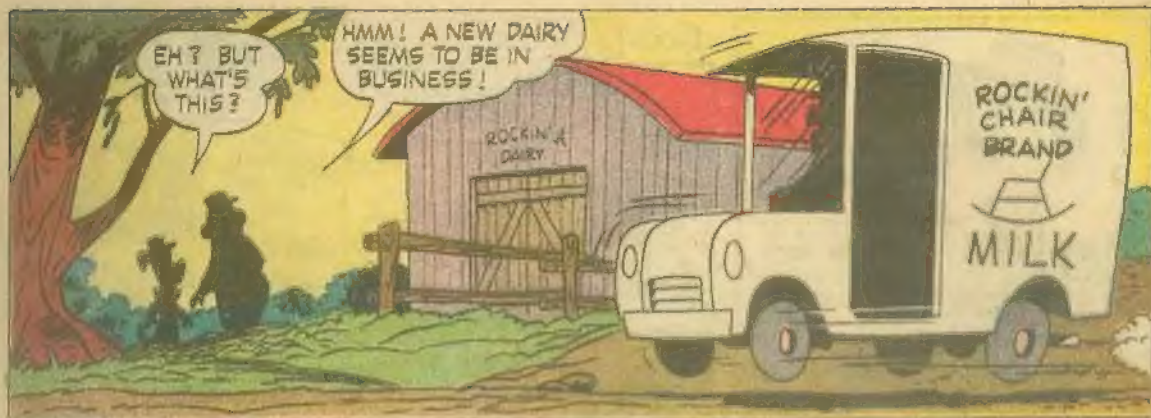


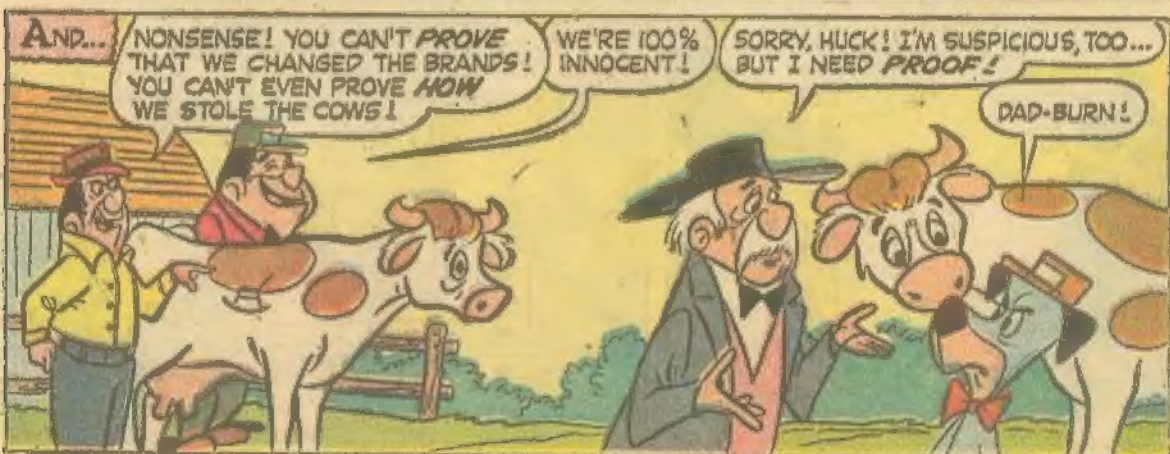
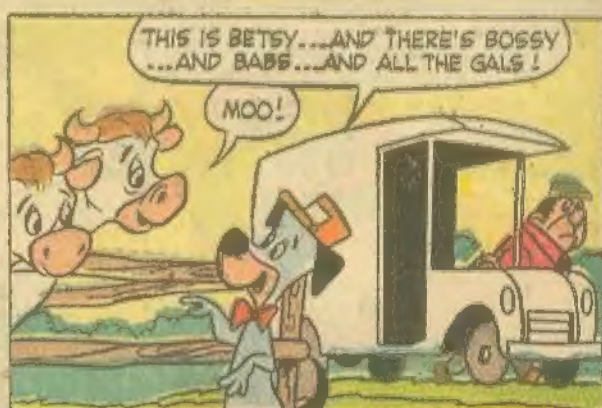
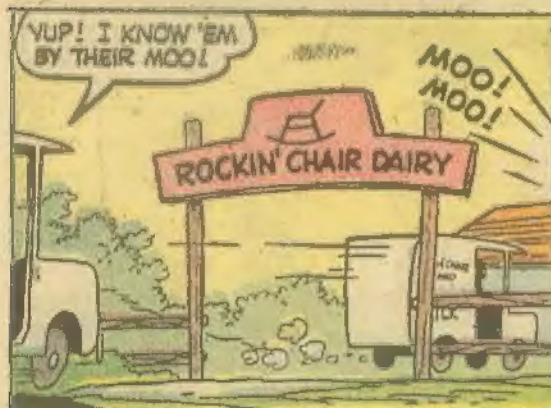
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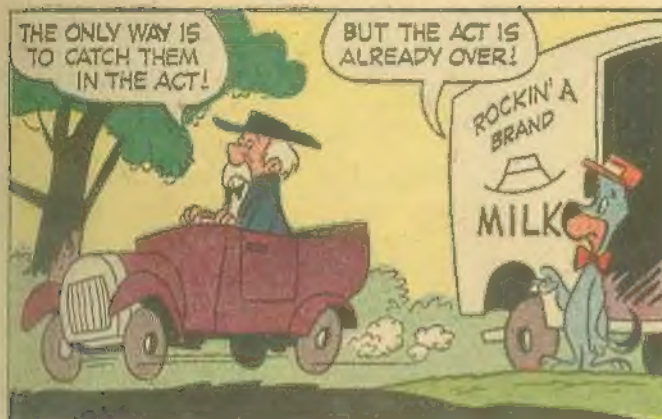
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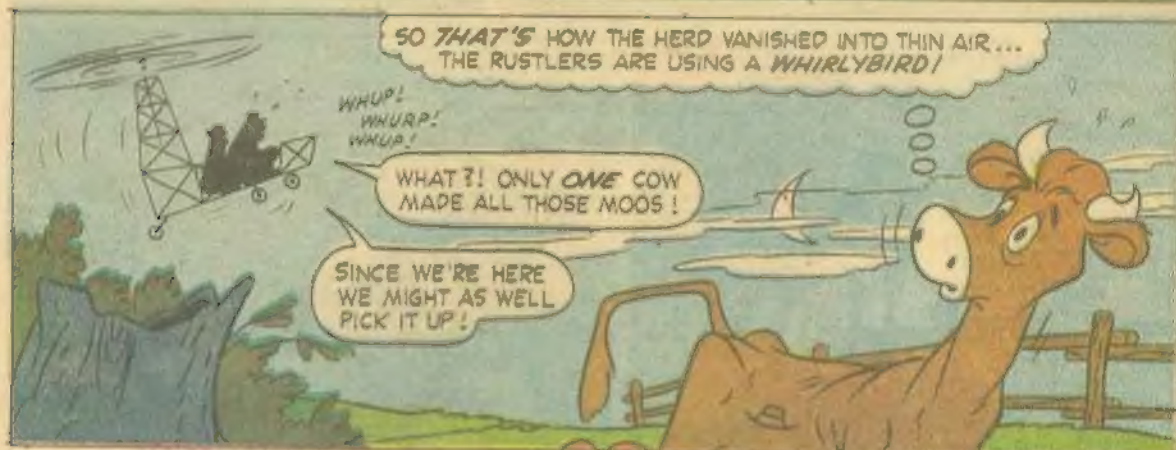
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS















AND SHORTLY...

PIERRE! WAKE UP!
THE COWS SEEM TO
BE RESTLESS!

(YAWN!) GIVE 'EM A
GLASS OF MILK AND
TELL 'EM TO PIPE
DOWN!

PIERRE! THIS IS SERIOUS!
SOMEBODY'S IN THE CORRAL
WITH OUR COWS!

HUH? WOULD
ANYBODY DARE TO
RUSTLE COWS FROM
RUSTLERS?

HELP! CONSTABLE!
HELP!

OH, NO. WHEN'S
THAT LITTLE DRP
OF A MILKMAN
EVER GONNA
GIVE UP?

DAIRY

WHAT'S
UP
HUCK?

ER... DID YOU NOTICE
ANYTHING DIFFERENT
WHEN YOU PASSED THE
OL' ROCKIN' A DAIRY?

YES! THE
NAME'S
BEEN
CHANGED!

AND IT'S ALL
PERFECTLY
LEGAL!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE
CALLING IT THE
DRY BUCKET!
HAR, HAR...
SO WHA'?

SO YOU STOLE
OUR COWS, YOU
CROOKS!

HOW DO YOU FIGURE?
ALL OUR COWS WEAR
THE **ROCKIN' CHAIR**
BRAND.

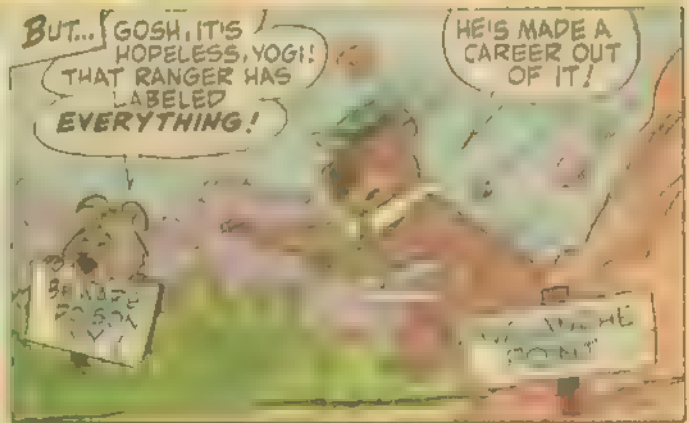
LOOK AGAIN, FELLERS! THESE ARE ALL **"ROCKIN' HORSE"**
BRAND COWS... SAME AS OUR NEW
ROCKIN' HORSE DAIRY!

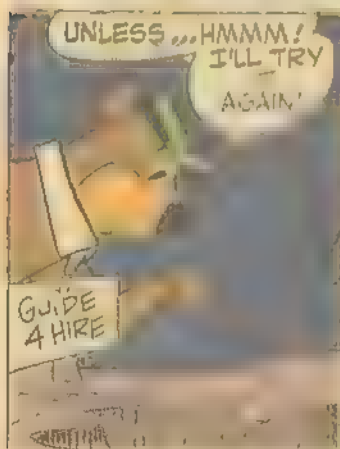
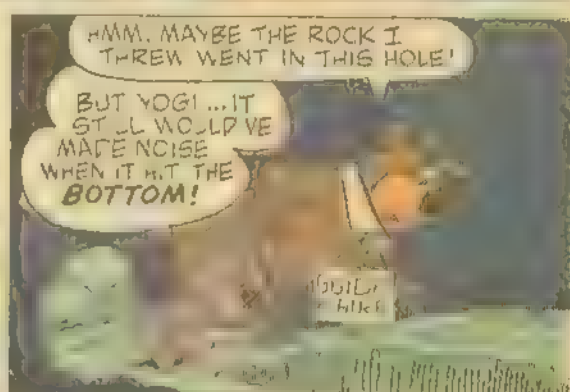
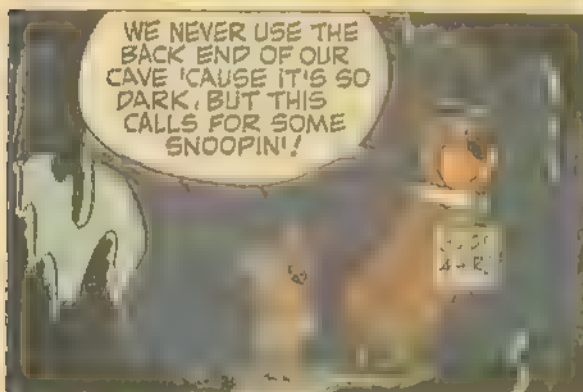
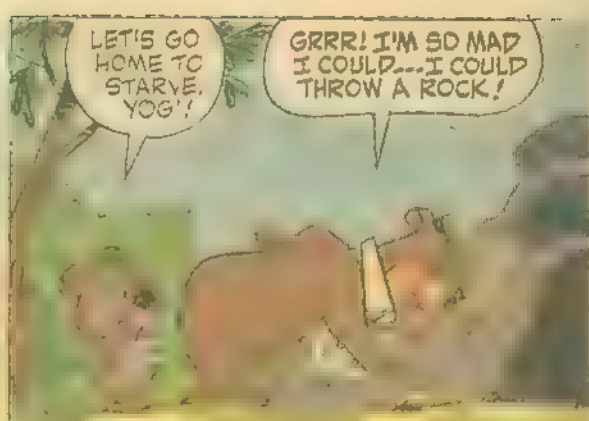
AHA! GOT'CHA
RED-HANDED!

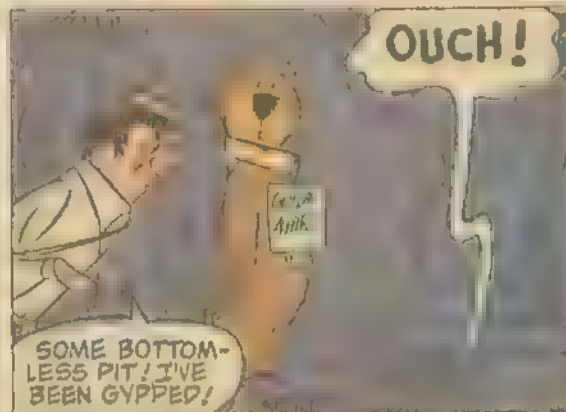
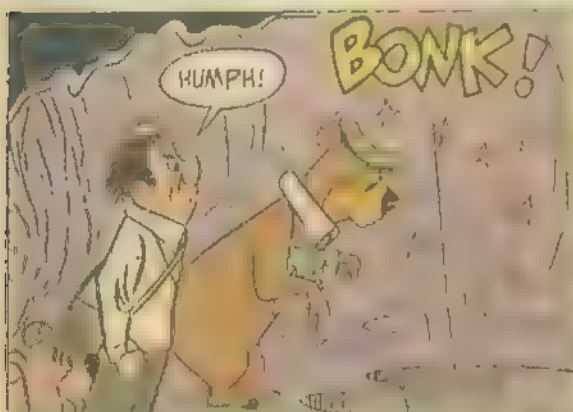


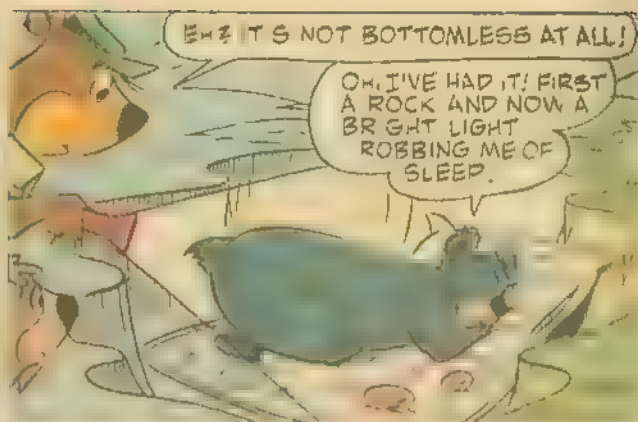
YOGI BEAR

The MISGUIDED GUIDES

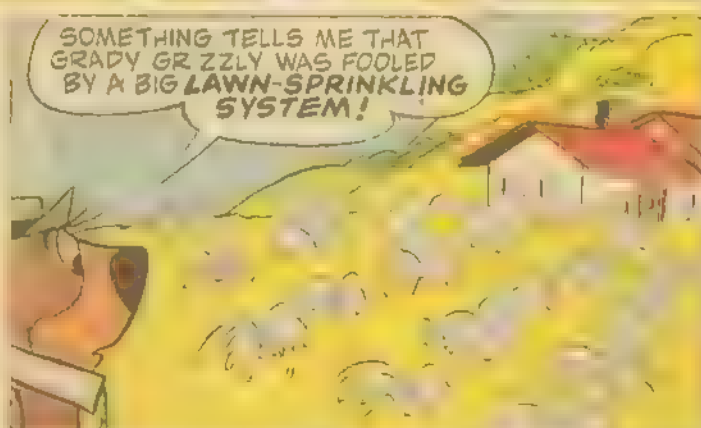
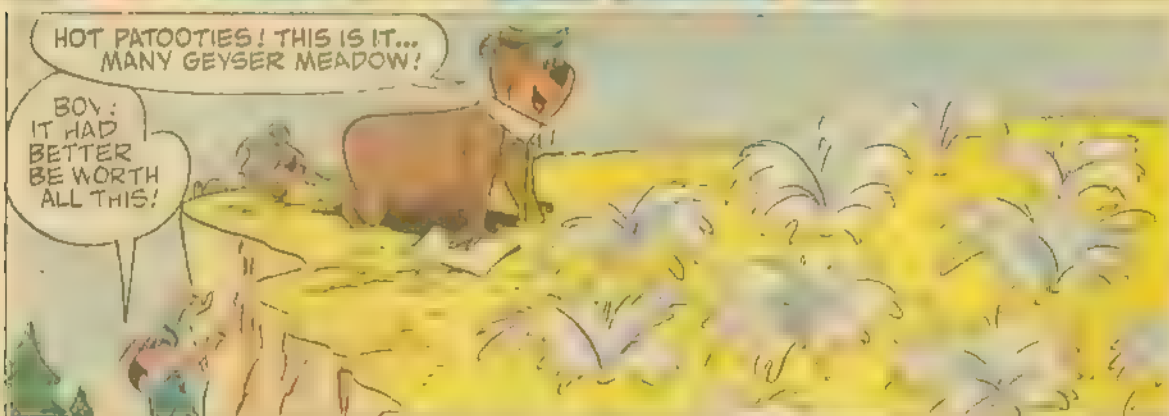
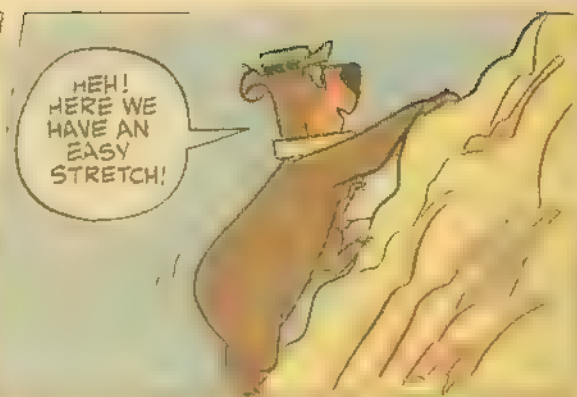


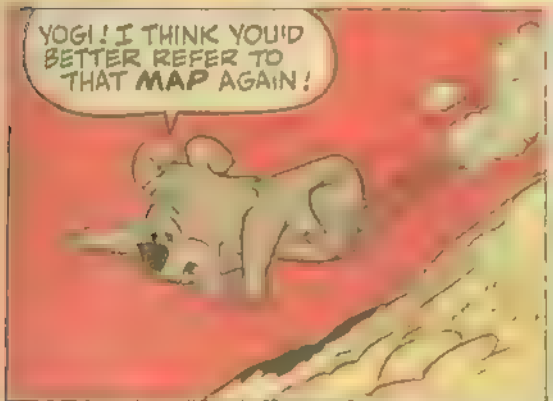
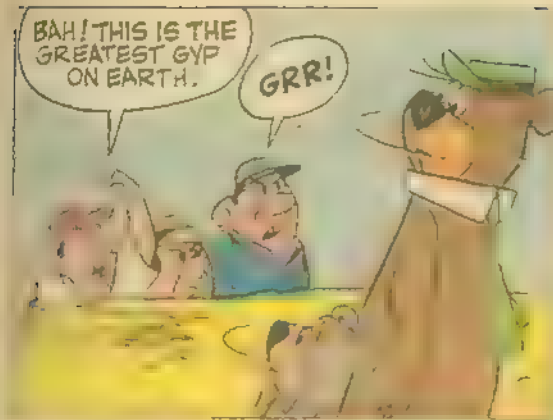


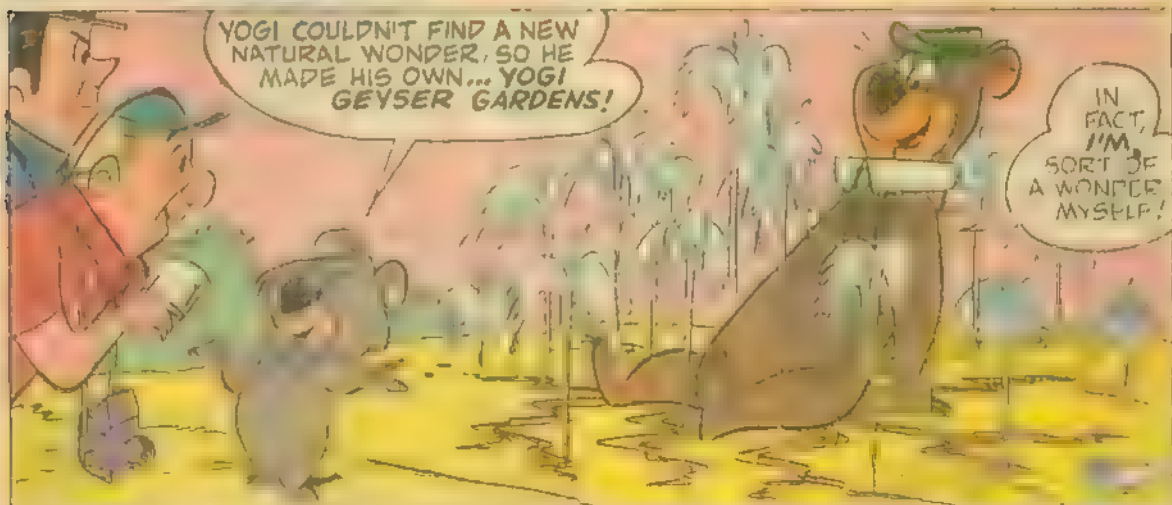
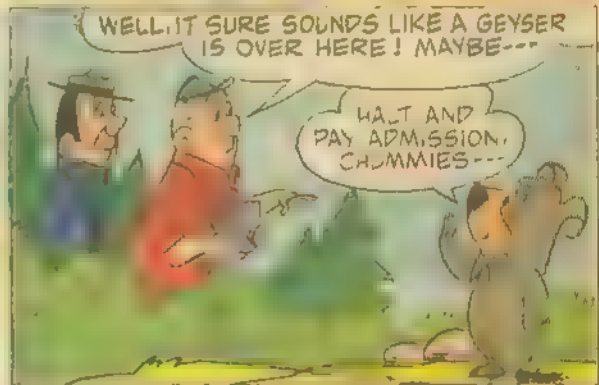
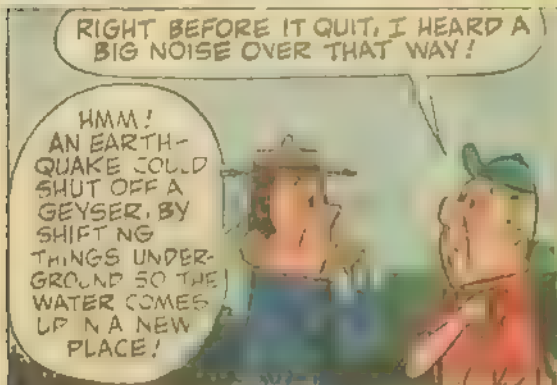
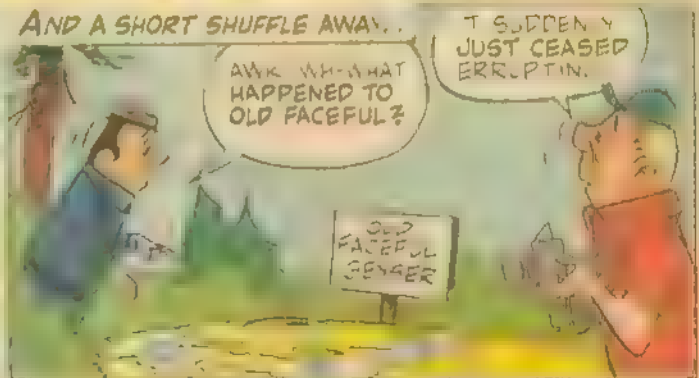
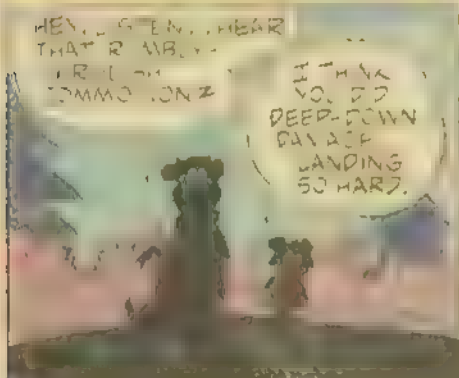
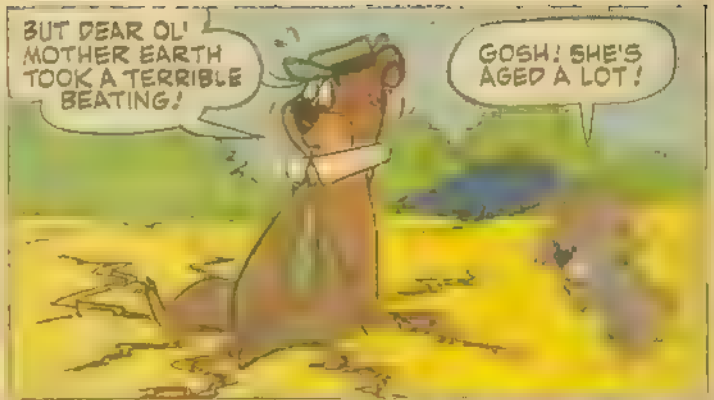




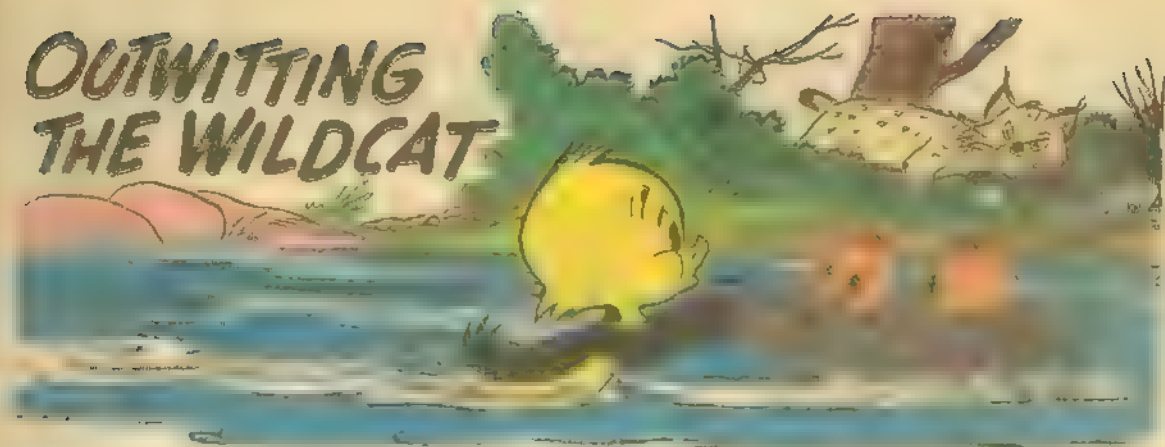








OUTWITTING THE WILDCAT



One morning, Biddy Buddy was awakened by the booming of thunder and the cracking of lightning. But a third sound gave him even more alarm. Somebody was calling for help.

Biddy peered through the slanting rain and finally spied a small nest floating along down the slowly rising river. Inside the nest were two tiny birdies.

"Wak!" Biddy quacked, swimming over to the nest. "What'cha kicking up the fuss for, fellows? A little water won't hurt you."

"It will if we fall into it," one of the birdies calmed down enough to point out. "We can't swim like you can."

"I see what you mean," Biddy nodded. "Well, you boys just sit tight. I'll shove your nest over to the shore, and you can hop out."

Biddy prodded at the nest with his beak, his tiny feet churning in the water as fast as he could make them go.

"What's your nest doing down here in the water in the first place?" he panted.

"A big wind came along and whooshed it out of the tree," the birdie explained.

"Well, I just 'woosh' I could get you to shore faster," Biddy puffed. "But we seem to be drifting into the main stream."

Even as Biddy spoke, both he and the nest were swept into the middle of the stream and were pushed roughly along by the current.

"I don't like to be a grouch, but this is more than I bargained for!" Biddy gasped, as he struggled to keep the nest upright.

As Biddy continued his valiant efforts, his alert eyes spied a slinking figure trotting alongside the stream. "Wak!" he squawked with alarm. "It's Larry Lynx, and something tells me he's planning his supper menu for tonight and hoping we'll be the main course!"

Biddy's feet churned harder and harder as

he tried to push the nest towards the opposite shore, but he could make little headway against the strong current.

"Well," he quacked to himself. "Larry Lynx isn't exactly the smartest critter in the big forest. Maybe I can trick him into saving us if I make the deal attractive enough."

"Hey, Larry," he called, "we can't be on your menu while we're in here. Get on that big branch in the water downstream and snag us as we go by. I'll hop in the nest, too."

Larry nodded eagerly. "Oooh, that's a marvelous idea," he said, loping ahead to the branch. Minutes later he had rescued the nest and dropped it on the shore.

"Now don't be satisfied with just us for your supper," Biddy advised hastily. "There are probably dozens of other nests floating downstream, too. Just go back out on the branch and wait for them."

"Oh, goodie!" Larry said greedily, taking up his position. "I'll have a real feast!"

"Sure," Biddy grinned. "My pals and I will go back upstream and tell every bird we see that you're waiting for them."

"Thanks a lot, pals!" Larry called as Biddy and the two birdies quickly sped from sight.

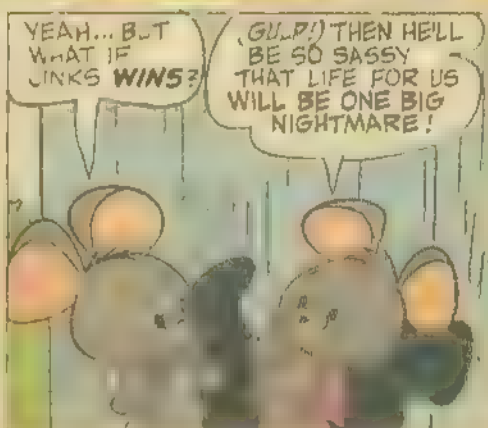
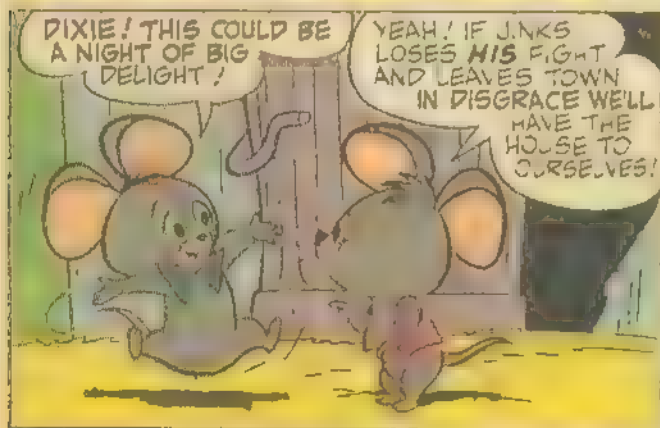
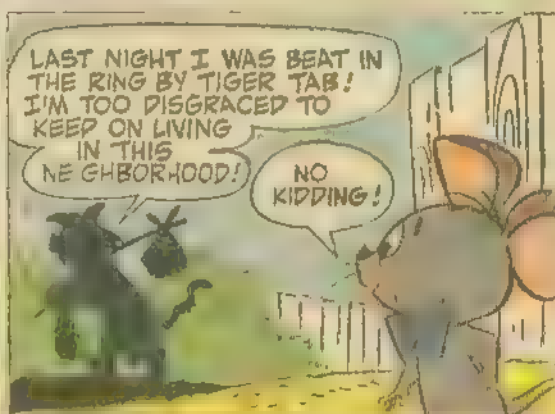
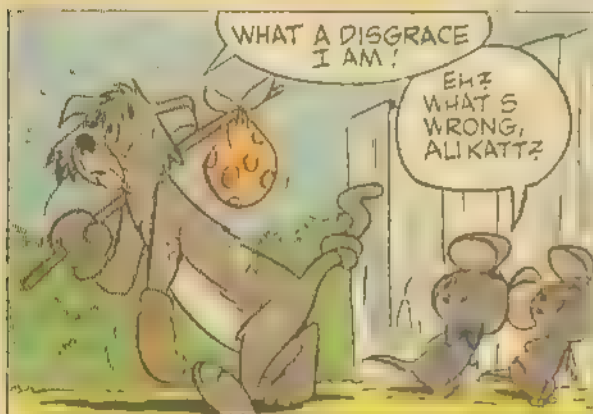
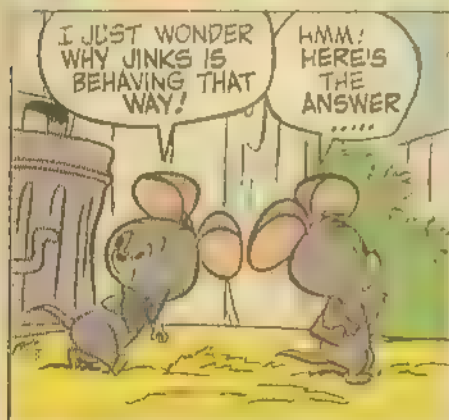
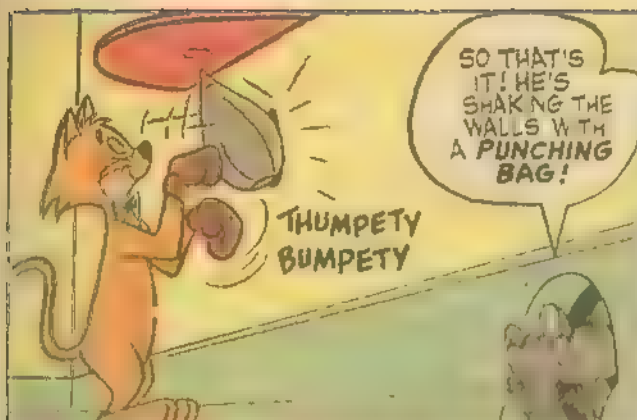
"Whew!" Biddy panted with relief when they had arrived back at his pond and had hidden under a bush. "Your mom will find you here in time, and, in the meanwhile, I'm going to take a nap. Now don't go wandering away from this bush or you might fall in the water again."

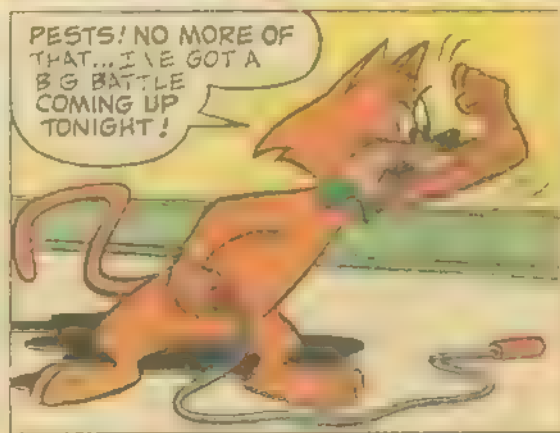
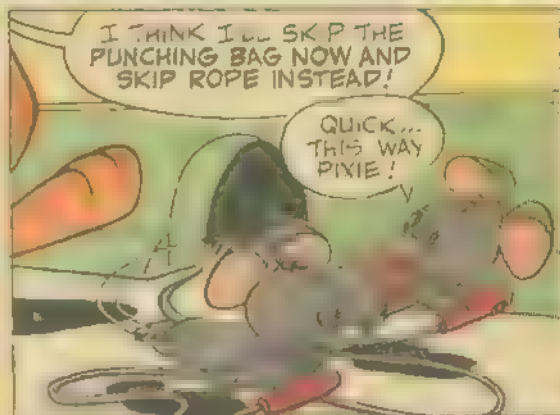
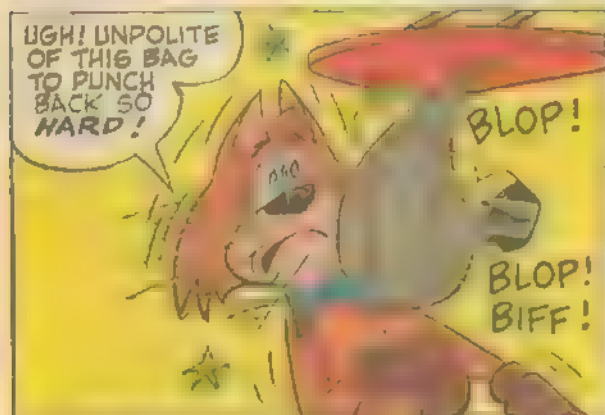
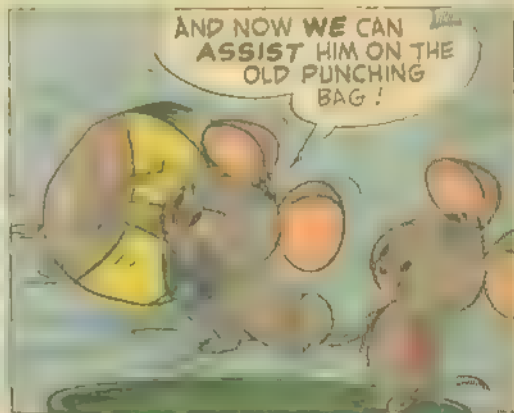
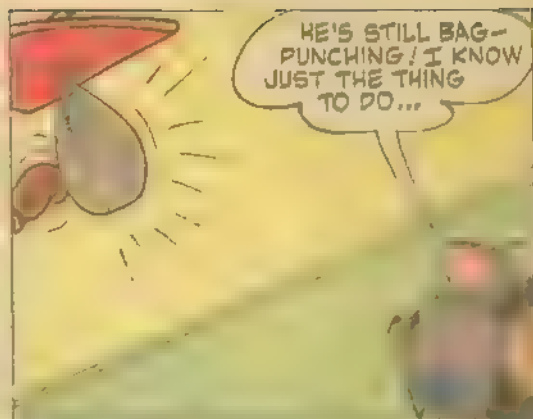
"Also," he added with a sleepy wink, "something tells me there'll be an awfully angry lynx prowling around soon when he discovers that a bird in the hand is worth more than Biddy Buddy and his two birdie buddies in the hand."

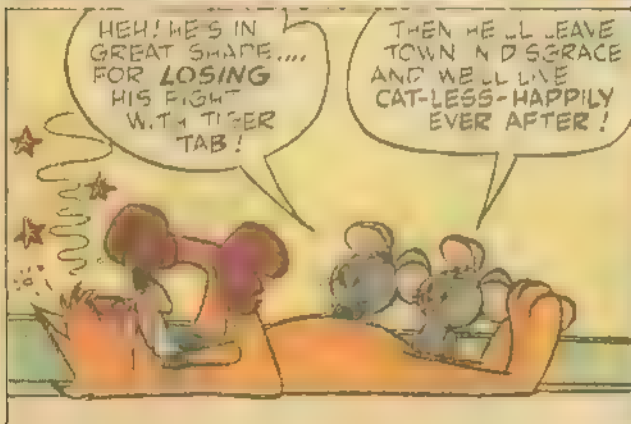
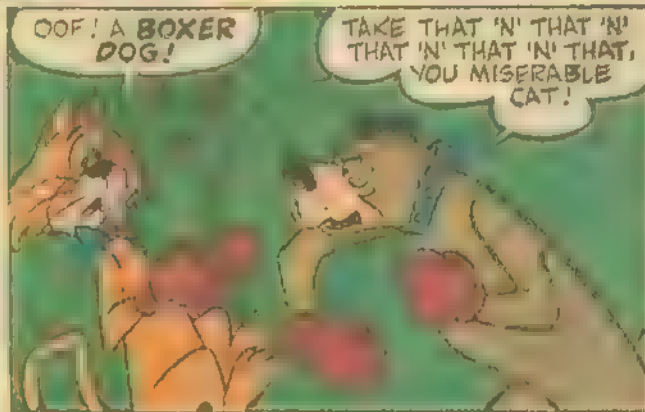
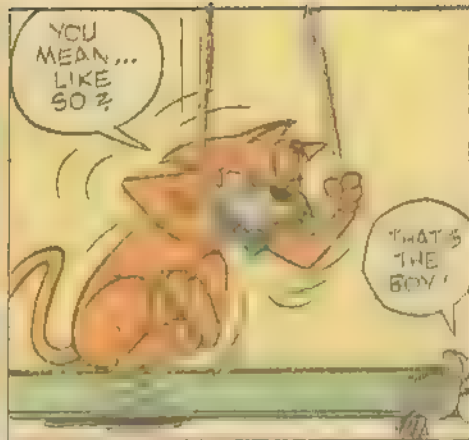
PIXIE, DIXIE
and
MR. JINKS

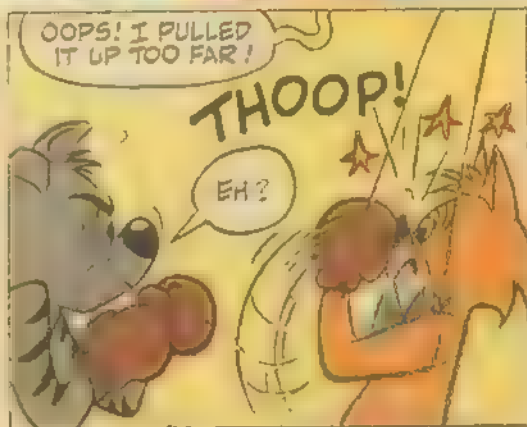
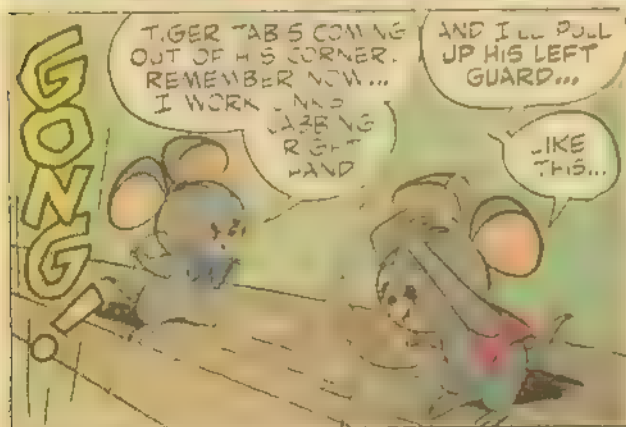
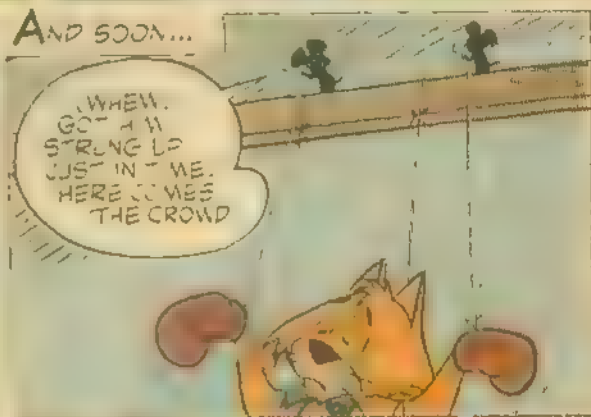
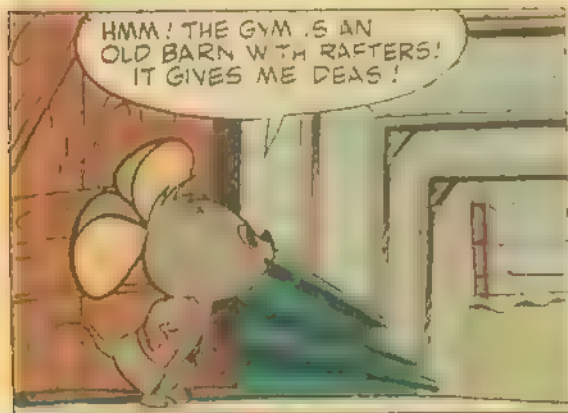
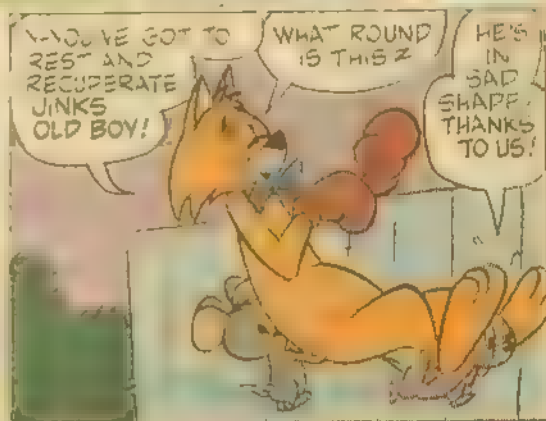
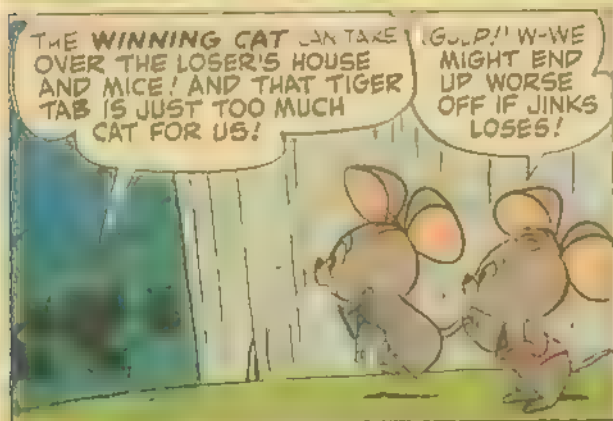
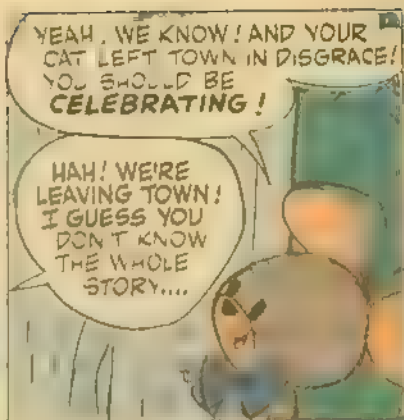
WEE WALLOPERS

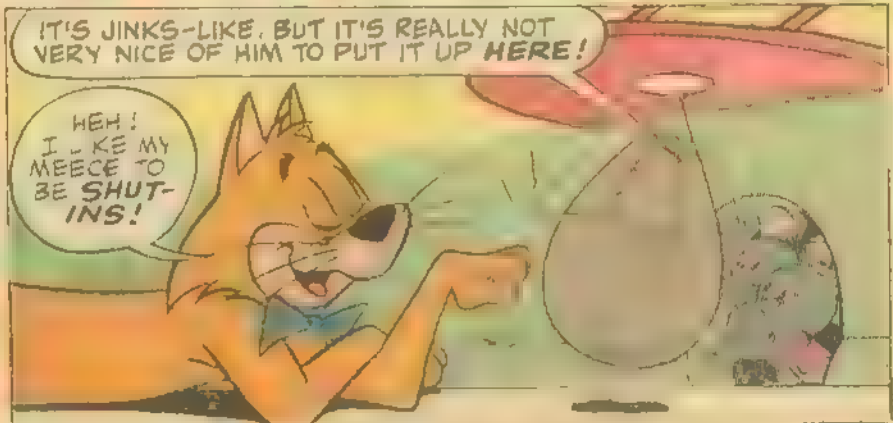
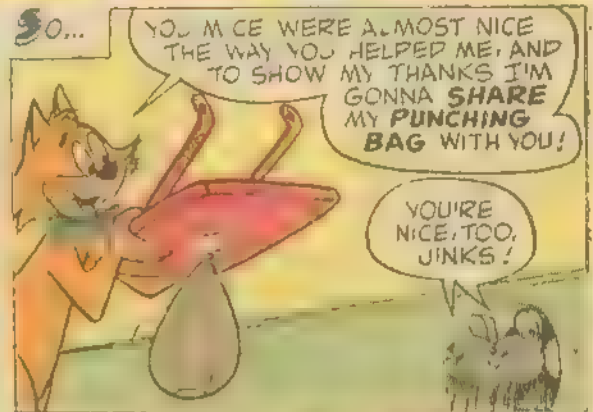
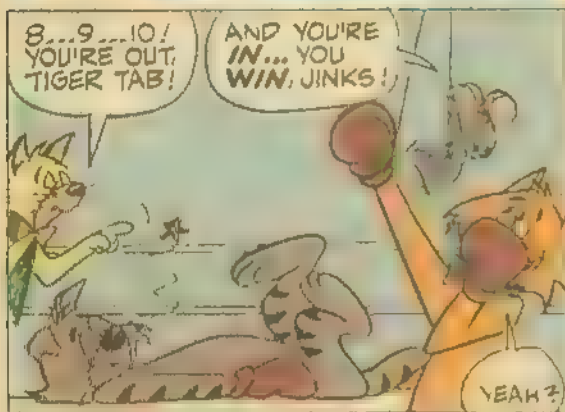
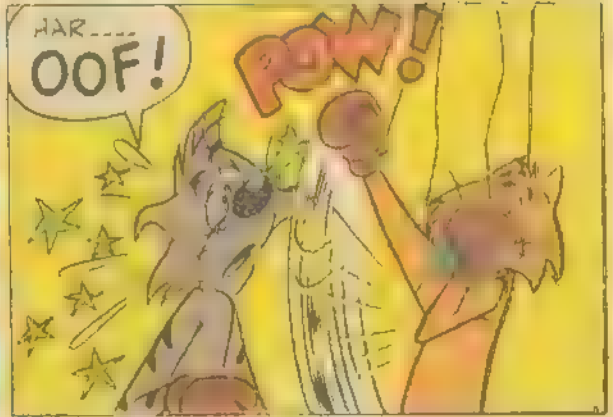
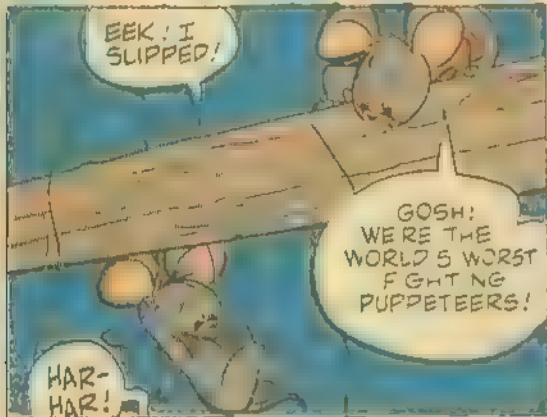
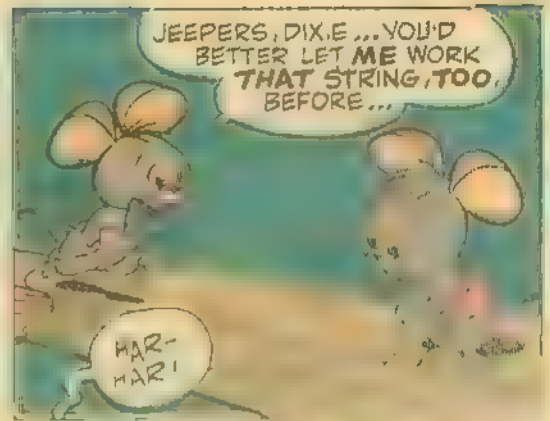
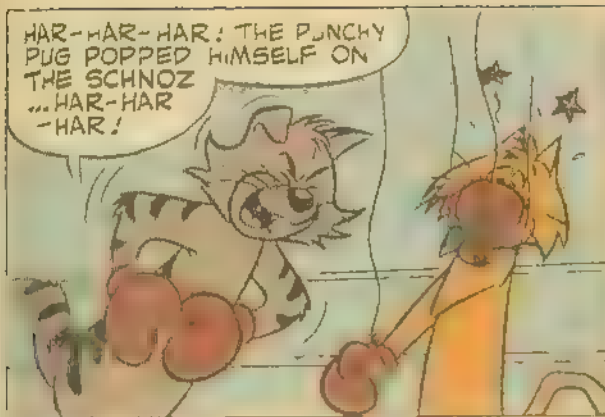




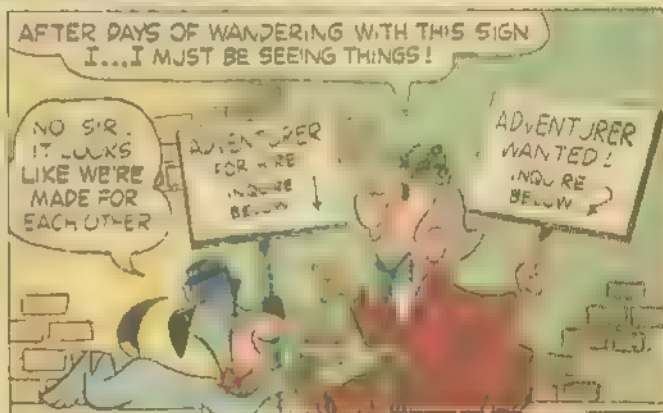


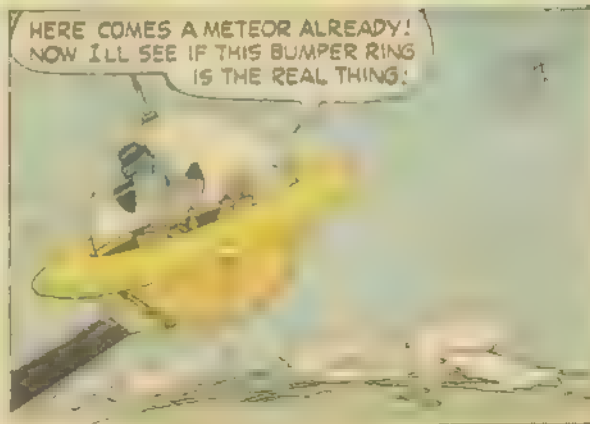
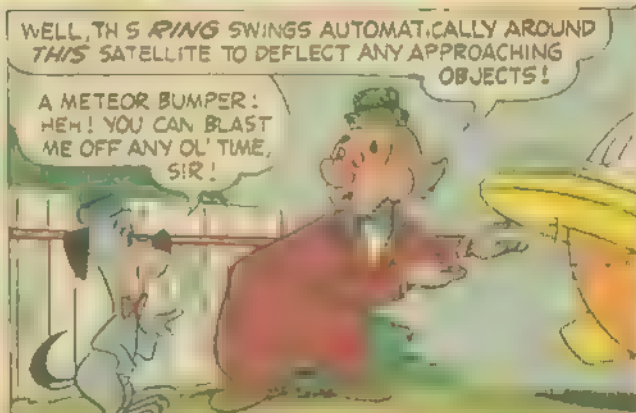
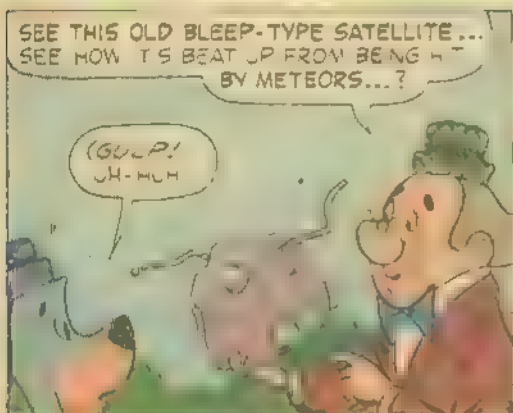
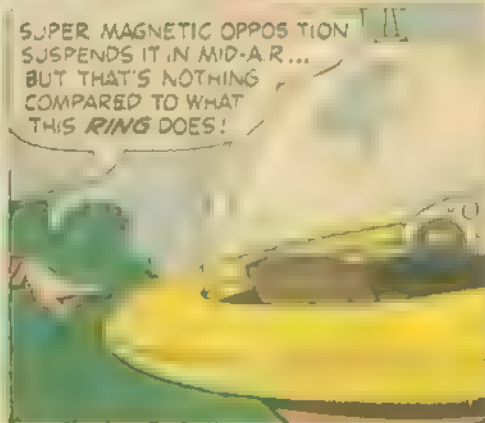
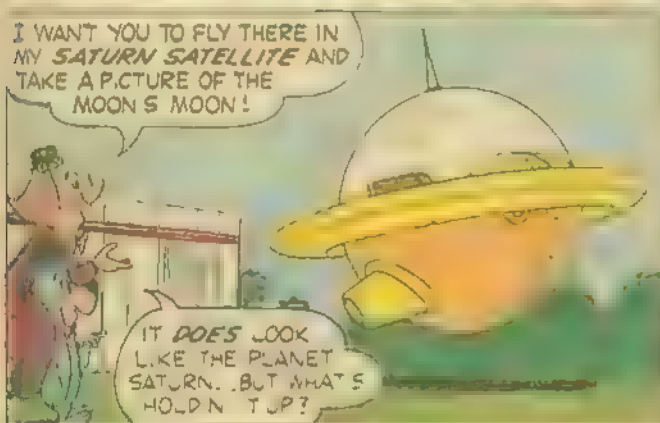




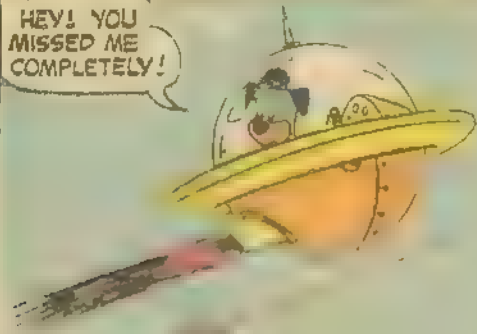


HUCKLEBERRY HOUND SATURN SATELLITE

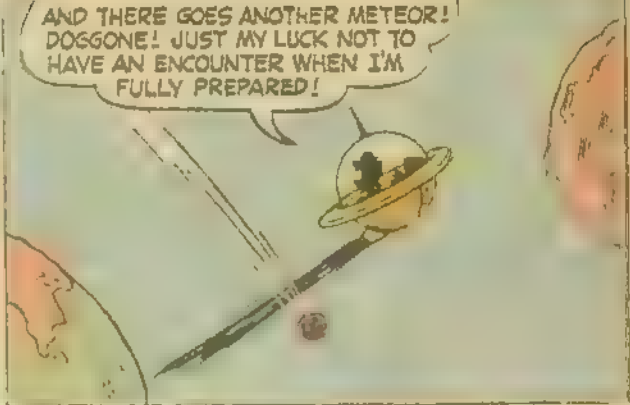




HEY! YOU
MISSED ME
COMPLETELY!



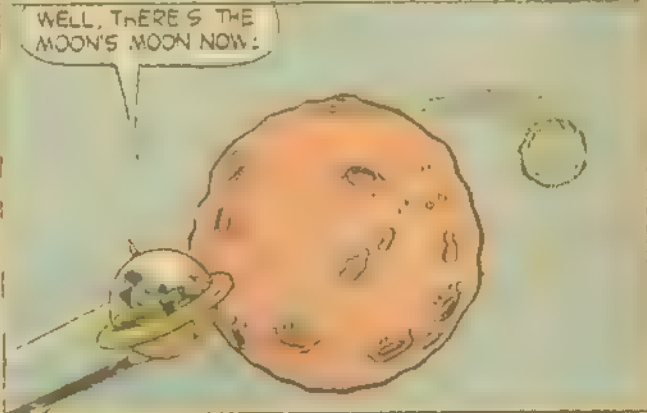
AND THERE GOES ANOTHER METEOR!
DOGGONE! JUST MY LUCK NOT TO
HAVE AN ENCOUNTER WHEN I'M
FULLY PREPARED!



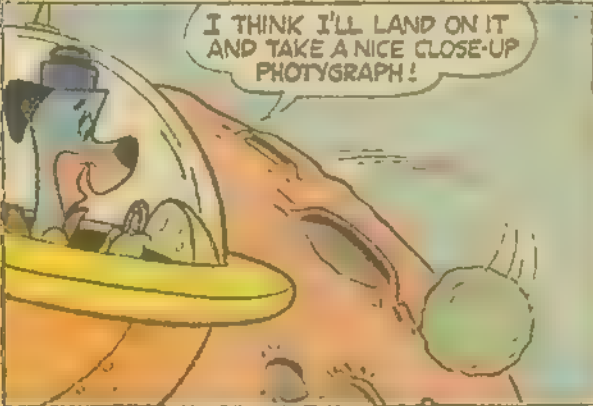
OH, WELL...MAYBE
I'LL SMACK INTO A
METEOR ON MY
WAY BACK!



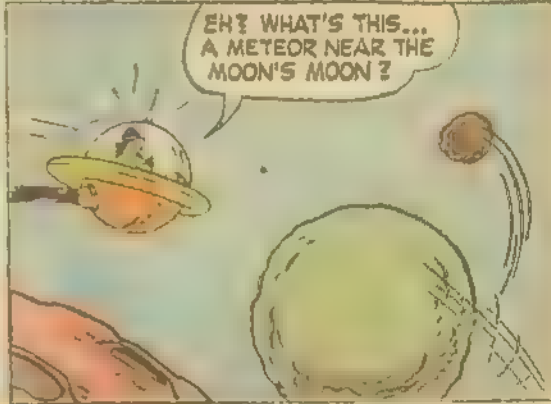
WELL, THERE'S THE
MOON'S MOON NOW!



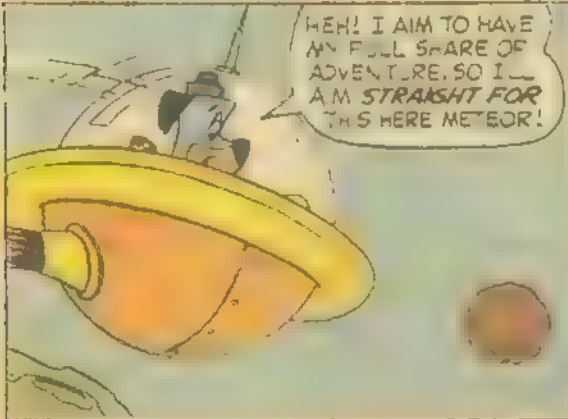
I THINK I'LL LAND ON IT
AND TAKE A NICE CLOSE-UP
PHOTOGRAPH!



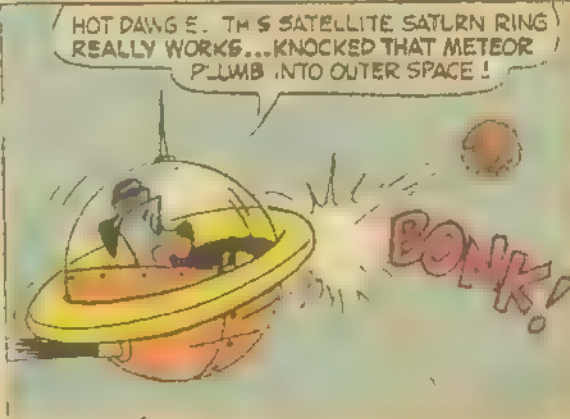
EH? WHAT'S THIS...
A METEOR NEAR THE
MOON'S MOON?

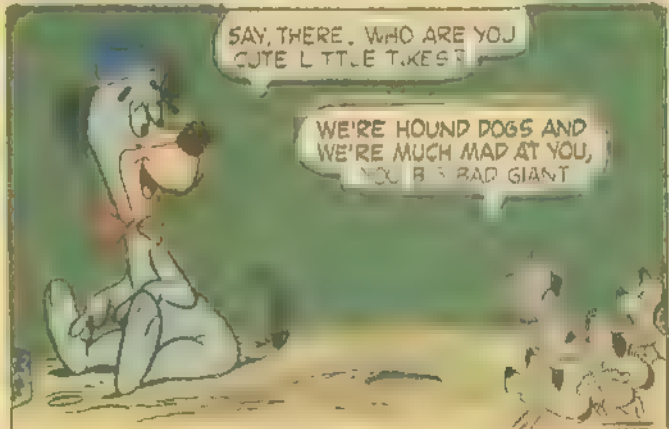
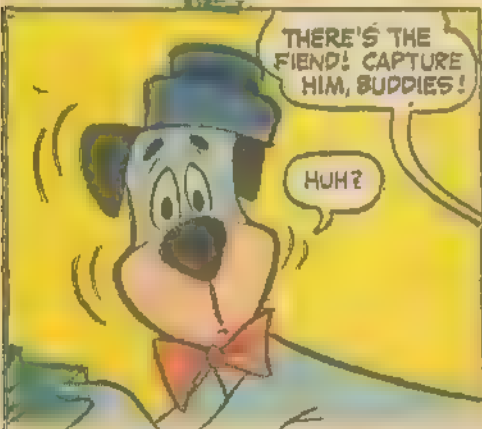
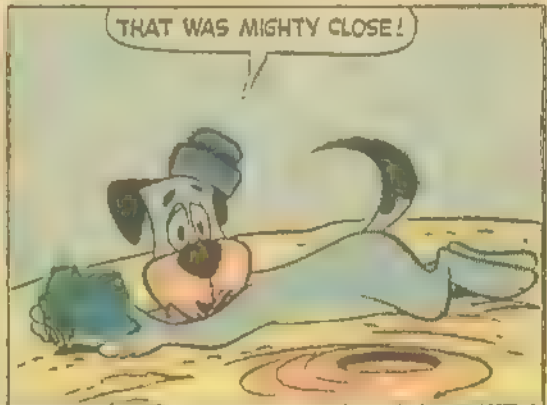
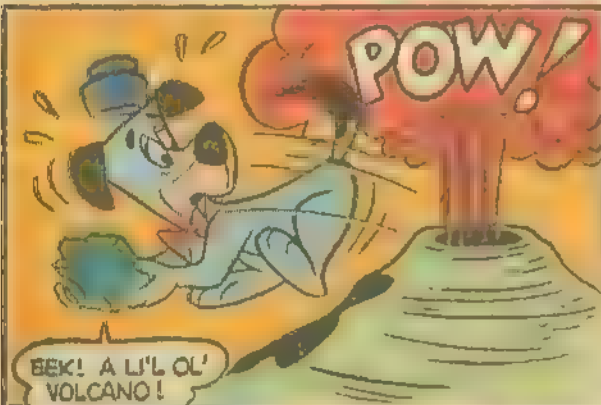
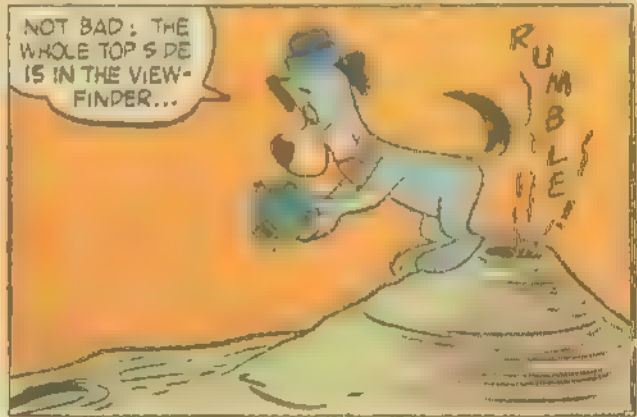
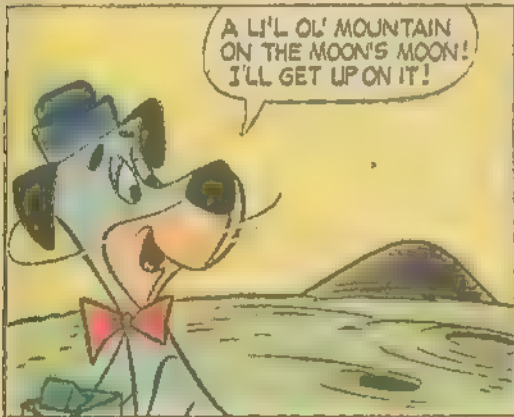
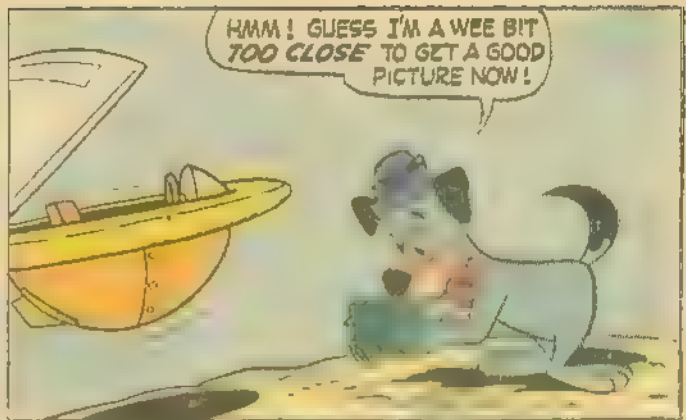
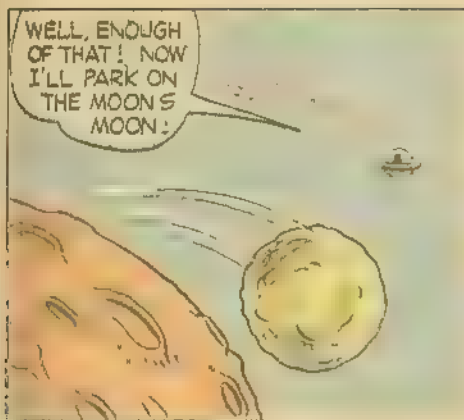


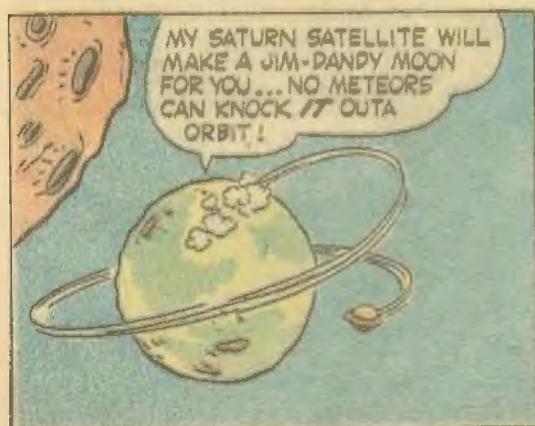
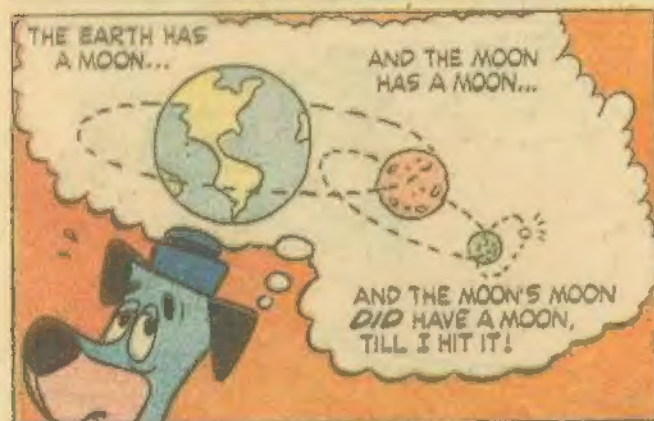
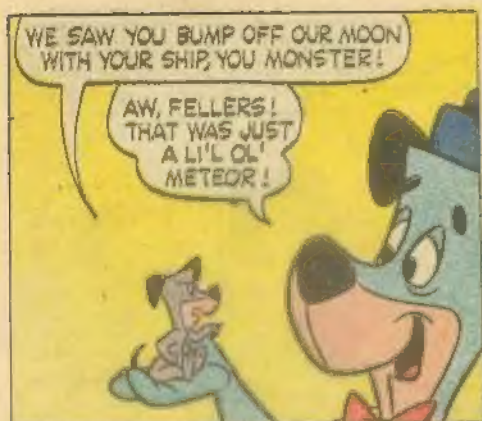
HEH! I AIM TO HAVE
MY FULL SHARE OF
ADVENTURE, SO I'LL
AM STRAIGHT FOR
THIS HERE METEOR!



HOT DAWG! THIS SATELLITE SATURN RING
REALLY WORKS...KNOCKED THAT METEOR
PLUMB INTO OUTER SPACE!



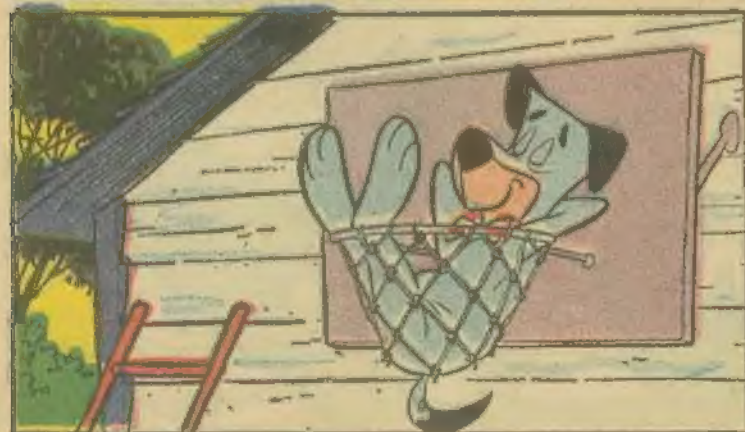






HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

NET NAPPER



A PLEDGE **DELL** COMIC TO PARENTS

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